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also three other features that tend to recommend its use, viz., it is absolutely non-poisonous, it is of an agreeable refreshing odor, and is inexpensive.

The sterilization of rubber gloves requires especial care and precaution. Rubber is short lived at best and frequent boilings or ordeals in a high pressure sterilizer hasten the end of the term of usefulness. After use, the gloves should be thoroughly cleansed with water and green soap and then dried. This rule applies to catheters as well. If this is properly done, five to seven minutes in the steam cylinder will destroy all bacteria. The vitality of rubber catheters may be prolonged by soaking occasionally in weak ammonia water. When gloves are boiled before being laid away they should be dried quickly and dusted inside and out with talcum powder, and wrapped in a sterile towel.

The water in which plated instruments are to be boiled should be rendered alkaline by the addition of  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 1 per cent. of carbonate of sodium. This renders the polish brighter and lessens the tendency to rust. The edges of knives and sharp instruments should be protected by a wrapping of absorbent cotton.

Conclusions: Kreso, a coal-tar product consisting largely of cresols and higher phenols, which can be purchased for less than \$1 per gallon will, in a one per cent. solution, destroy all pathologic germs in less than sixty seconds. Kreso is mentioned rather than lysol or creolin because of its low price.

Bichloride of mercury solutions in the strength usually prepared are worthless for quick sterilization of instruments.

Where time is no object and ample facilities are at hand, heat answers all requirements necessary to complete and absolute sterilization.

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## ENTERTAINMENT AND NURSING OF CHILDREN

By ALICE JANE DREW, R.N.

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So many nurses dread to be called on a case where the patient is a child, but I am never as happy as when caring for children. Perhaps the little folks realize this, and are usually on their good behavior.

One little fellow I was called to care for had the measles. He was very peevish, as most of us would be if we had the measles. He overheard the doctor tell his mother that she would need a nurse to help her. That was enough. The little six-year-old man told his mother emphati-

cally that he would not have a nurse, but his mother told him that she would be sick and would have to leave him, if a nurse did not come to help her. So they compromised by agreeing to have mother and the nurse care for him.

I was sent for. While going up the stairs to my room, I heard: "Mother dear, I don't want any nurse. I'll be good and not make you sick, but I don't want a nurse." The thought flashed through my mind, I'll make you want me, little man!

I leisurely put on my uniform, and while doing so, the little old grandma came in to see the nurse who was to care for the only grandchild. While we chatted the said grandchild called "Grandma."

I could hear them talking quietly together, and to my great surprise I overheard: "When is she coming in here?" Not yet, sonny, I said to myself. I had been in the house nearly an hour when I heard: "Mother, you tell her to come in." Now was my chance, so I went in, inquiring for Mr. Strawberry. He certainly was a Berry, by name, but the measles had refused to come out, so he was minus the strawberry color.

Having talked with the child and mother for a while, I asked if he had ever smoked, as his father did. The thermometer made an excellent cigar, and before we knew it we had the temperature, 103 degrees at ten A.M. It was great fun to smoke because the boy had lost two teeth, and through the space we slipped the thermometer, which pleased him immensely.

I asked if he knew he had a little engine in his wrist. I put his finger on his pulse and to his great delight he found it. Of course we had to take turns in finding the little engine. I was kept busy counting the puffs of the engine, and directing the smoking act. The poor little fellow's nose was such a great discomfort. It kept him busy wiping it, and when he cried he found it was more of a trouble to him, so we tried so hard to keep from crying.

At twelve o'clock I disappeared, and came back with some milk, to which I added a little lime water. Of course he didn't want any milk, but when I told him I had pasted a picture on the bottom of the glass, the milk disappeared, and there in full view was a bright pretty picture peeping through the bottom of the glass.

The child had been in bed for several days but the rash had not appeared. When we smoked at two P.M. the temperature was 105 degrees.

The bath room was nice and warm, so I decided to give the patient a hot bath. I put a single woollen blanket over the radiator to heat, wrapped the little fellow in a blanket, and took him in my arms for a swim. Fortunately he always enjoyed a swim. I kept him in the hot

bath for fifteen minutes. In order to swim he had to lie flat on his stomach, and in so doing his body was covered with the hot water, except the little head which bobbed around like a cork on water.

I took him out of the water and wrapped him snugly in the blanket which I had heated; put him in bed; put cool cloths on his head. I kept him in this hot pack for twenty minutes, meantime his night drawers were warming on the radiator. Between shrieks, and, "Mother, I shall die," and "Mother, I am dying," I put him in his night drawers, covered him well up with the bed clothes and told him the story of a little woolly caterpillar cuddling down in a little ball, and weaving a warm little coat all around himself; and how he went to sleep for a long time, and the fairy comes and wakens him, and he flies off a beautiful butterfly. Of course I had to have the story long drawn out, and before I knew it our little man was fast asleep.

The hot bath accomplished its purpose. Next morning the little patient was peppered with measles. He did not enjoy the oil baths, but when we oiled the engines and tops, etc., it wasn't so hard to bear.

During his convalescing days we made a house, barns, automobile, umbrellas, etc., out of corrugated pasteboard. Made a menagerie of animals cut from magazine advertisements. It was valentine season, so we made valentines for the family.

The little strawberry had very hard work to take nourishment at first, but he soon learned there was a surprise on his tray each time it came to his room, and if left by himself the food would disappear.

I marked faces on the egg shells, tied toast, crackers and bread in little paper napkin packages. Served soup or broth in a Humpty Dumpty bowl. Obtained straws from the drug store clerk, and milk shake, orange albumin, and grape juice all came under the heading of soda water. Served orange jelly in the orange rind, which I had scooped the pulp from and cut the rind into a basket.

Between meals I found he would take nourishment if mother or the nurse would have some too, and a surprise for mother or father was a great delight. Grandma added to our pleasure with stories of mother when she had the measles, or the tricks daddy played when he was a little boy.

I was called to care for a little girl of three who had croup. She was very fond of dolls. When she had a bath, dolly had one, just so with medicine. The only thing dolly did not do was to cough.

This little girl was amused by the hour with dolly's clothes. I put a line across her little crib, so that she could sit up and hang the doll's clothes to dry (they were make-believe wet). The tiny clothes pins, obtained at the five and ten cent store, added to the pleasure.

Then the ironing had to be done. A board that would fold up, and a flat iron came from the same store.

In a week or so the little lady was able to be up and around the house. The nurse maid would care for her while I was off duty, or at meals. One day while at lunch the door from the butler's pantry burst open, and in rushed the patient, with maid after her, but the little one reached my side first and exclaimed: "Mith Doo, I don't want to thit in the kith'n." The maid had taken her to the kitchen while she ate her dinner, which she always did while the family ate in the dining room.

A boy of twelve who had chicken pox proved to be an interesting patient. After the first day or so the slight rise of temperature dropped to normal, and the boy was able to be dressed and about his room.

It was a trying siege for him to be content between the four walls, at first, as he delighted in out-of-door sports. His parents had planned a trip, so I was called in more as a companion than for the nursing care he needed.

One day he told me he was very fond of the theatre. That gave me the idea to make one. We secured a packing box about four feet long, and three feet wide. We knocked the bottom out of the box, which we then placed on a table. A piece of red velvet carpet we used for a curtain. By attaching two cords from either end at the top, it could be raised and lowered, as the performance called for.

The scenes were colored advertisements, cut from magazines, and pasted on cardboards. For instance, one scene we had for a trip to the West. We were able to find large advertisements in the *Post* or *Ladies' Home Journal* that illustrated the trip very nicely.

Pictures that were not colored we tinted with paints or crayons. The side wings we cut out of cardboard, pasted scenery on them which we found in magazines. In a few days we had all our paraphernalia for a performance. I was the audience, and the patient the stage director. He operated the scenes from the back of our large packing box. They worked as slides do in a stereopticon. It was very entertaining to both of us.

The day after the first performance we spent in making a large sign to adorn the top of the theatre. The letters were cut out of the cardboard. An electric light placed back of the sign was flashed in and out for a few minutes before the performance. Also, when there was to be an intermission, the slide with "intermission" cut out of cardboard appeared, with the electric light flashing in and out.

The next day we papered the theatre inside and out with some red

wall paper we found in a closet. I made a paste with flour and water and a few grains of sugar, and boiled it for a few minutes. Then our little theatrical man turned out to be a first-class paper hanger.

Evenings we played pinochle, which I taught him, also five hundred, carrooms, chess, etc.

About the tenth day the doctor said he could go out doors, as the scales had disappeared, except one or two on his back.

This boy lived in the country, and as there had been a deep snow his first thought was coasting, which we did to our hearts' content. He was fond of skeeing, and did quite a little of that, but I felt safer on a sled. The patient also had snow shoes, as did his father, so nothing would do but I must learn to wear them. I did learn, and thoroughly enjoyed the cross country jaunts.

When I was called to care for a certain boy, nine years old, who was known to be a spoiled child, I thought I was going to have a dreadful time. The boy was very ill with pneumonia. His doctor believed that fresh air, nourishment, stimulant if necessary, would bring him around all right.

This little man was the son of wealthy people, so his room was all that money could buy, or any one wish. It was a south-east room, with a bay-window consisting of four windows. These were lowered from top and raised from bottom. The shades were run up to the fixtures, and curtains removed from windows to allow the sunshine and fresh air to come in. The temperature of the room was kept at 60 degrees, but the windows remained open all the time and the furnace was forced to make up any drop of temperature.

The patient wore Jaeger knit night drawers, and additional bedding was put on at night. Alcohol baths were given for temperature over 103 degrees, otherwise there was nothing in the nursing line, except the routine work, baths, nourishment, and entertaining.

One day there was an exception when an enema was ordered. The child was very precocious and recognized the term enema as something he had once experienced a year or so before. To this he objected, as he was afraid of it. It seems that the nurse he had at that time held him, and gave the enema to the poor child while he was in this frightened condition. His pleading little face turned to me and he said: "Please don't do that to me." I knew the child was very fond of mechanical things, so I explained the mechanism of the enema bag to him. Showed him how to fill it with the warm soap suds, also how the suds flowed out of the rubber rectal tube, and how to oil the tube, as we did his engine, to make it move easily.

Then I told him he was a big boy and wasn't afraid, it was simply that he didn't understand what his nurse was doing. To this he agreed, and the enema was given without a word from the little fellow.

Of course when father came in he was told the mechanism of an enema, and we decided then that would be a secret between us three.

The temperature came down by lysis, so the little man gained each day. A beautiful little canary bird named Hans, was a great pet of the patient. His cage was always kept in the patient's room.

To the delight of the little boy, I opened the cage door, as he asked. The bird flew to the bed at once and perched on the head-post, then to the foot, where he chirped and chirped, then he flew out of the window. I was alarmed as I thought his pet had escaped, but the little patient assured me the bird would come back when he called Hans—and sure enough he did. Fortunately for Hans, a stray cat was not in the tree.

The patient had a wonderful stamp collection, and as he grew stronger we spent many hours pasting (with patent fastenings) the stamps in his book.

When I first took charge of this case, the child was too ill to be naughty, and as he got better it didn't occur to him, so my dreadful time never materialized.

Do you wonder I love the children? I always try and make myself one of them, and we always have a glorious good time together.

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#### BITES OF INSECTS

TAKE one ounce of epsom salt and dissolve it in one pint of water, wet a bath cloth wet enough that it will not drip and rub the body well all over, and not wipe afterwards but dress. I am very certain that flies, gnats, fleas, bedbugs, mosquitoes, or the famous African fly will never touch persons so treated. If they are exposed more than usual, being near water or in a forest, they may make a somewhat stronger solution, wet a cloth and rub the face, neck, ears, and hands well, do not wipe, but allow it to dry; it will leave a fine powder over the surface that the most bloodthirsty insect will not attack. Besides, the solution is healing and cleansing; it will heal the bites, subdue the consequent inflammation, and cures many diseases of the skin.—From the *China Medical Journal*.